



The whiteness in your vision clears once more, revealing a far more natural scene. Luscious greenery and thick, wet air surrounds you - the only building, marked with a red cross, stands out starkly from its surroundings.

You pass some children playing hopscotch with such glee, it's impossible not to smile as you walk past them and into the medical center.

The doctor there greets you with a firm handshake. "Hello sir, have you come to help us some more? The last visitor to arrive brought us such a boon!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean, sir. I've come here with regards to a theft - probably something extremely important."

"Well, you're welcome to my Morbilli vaccines if you wish to steal something; all my patients are playing out in the yard. It's a miracle! So beautiful she was, in such a dashing red coat, to take my patients' misery. I can send them back to the vidyalaya this afternoon - their parents will be thrilled!"

You move outside once more to take a closer look at these children miraculously cured by thieving terrorists. But it's not the children that ultimately draw your attention, but the colourful symbols on the ground they are using for their game...

